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MARCH

The Lone Ranger



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HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!



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The Lone Ranger

AND THE BOY SHERIFF

IN THE TOWN OF CAJON



THINGS WILL GO EASIER, SLIM, IF YOU TALK. TELL ME, WHO'S THE BRAIN BEHIND THE SANTOS GANG?

I DUNNO



WHY COVER UP FOR A GANG OF CROOKS? THEY WON'T HELP YOU.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF I MIGHT AS



YOU'D BETTER TELL THE TRUTH, SLIM. BUCK SANTOS AND HIS GANG CAN'T HELP YOU NOW.

NO, I GUESS--



WHAT THE --!

LET 'IM HAVE IT, BUCK





GIDDAP, BOY!



WHOA, BOY! AT LEAST I'M ON
THEIR TRAIL



BOOM!



ONE LESS LAW DOG TO WORRY
ABOUT. GIDDAP, THERE!



KEMO
SABAY!

WHOA, SILVER! WHAT'S
WRONG, TONTO!



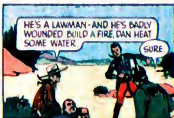
LOOK, SEE BAD
SIGN





BUZZARDS
CIRCLING IN
THE SKY
THAT MEANS

TONTO'S RIGHT IT
LOOKS BAD WE'LL
FIND OUT. COME
ON, SILVER!



HE'S A LAWMAN - AND HE'S BADLY
WOUNDED. BUILD A FIRE, DAN. HEAT
SOME WATER.

SURE



MASKED! PART OF THE
SANTOS GANG, EH!

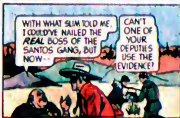


WE DIDN'T SHOOT YOU
WHO'S SANTOS?



BUCK SANTOS HE
BROKE SLIM LEON-
ARD OUT OF JAIL.
I TRAILED 'EM -
THEY BUSHWHACKED
ME. NOW I...

STEADY,
SHERIFF -
TAKE IT
EASY.



WITH WHAT SLIM TOLD ME.
I COULD'VE MAILED THE
REAL BOSS OF THE
SANTOS GANG, BUT
NOW --

CAN'T
ONE OF
YOUR DEPUTIES
USE THE
EVIDENCE!



I HAVEN'T GOT ANY EVI-
DENCE THAT WOULD
STAND UP IN COURT, AND
LENNIE, MY SON, IS THE
ONLY DEPUTY.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT WE'LL
BANDAGE YOUR WOUND AND-



I KNOW I'M DYIN'-- AND
SO DO YOU!



IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH FOR LENNIE
WHEN I'M GONE. THE BOY HAS NEVER
CUT OUT TO BE
A LAWMAN.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?



SORT OF HARD TO EXPLAIN
LENNIE'S NOT A COWARD
EXACTLY, BUT --



I UNDERSTAND DON'T
WORRY ABOUT YOUR
SON, SHERIFF. I'LL
HELP HIM.

BUT THE
MASK:
HOW CAN
YOU?



HERE'S THE WATER.
IT'S PLENTY HOT
AND --

WE WON'T
NEED IT NOW,
CAN THE
SHERIFF IS
DEAD



THE SHERIFF IS DEAD
WHAT ARE WE GOING
TO DO NOW?

SEVERAL
THINGS



YOU AND TONTO TAKE HIS
BODY TO CAJUN I'LL
MAKE CAMP THERE AND
MEET YOU AFTER SUNDOWN



AT A CAFÉ IN CAJUN

EVENIN', LENNIE
TOO BAD ABOUT
YER PA GETTIN'
KILLED WHERE'D
IT HAPPEN'?

RIMROCK
BASIN. AN
INDIAN AND
A BOY BROUGHT
HIM IN.

ANY IDEA
WHO DID
IT?

YEAH, THAT'S
WHY I'M
HERE!

YEP, YOU'VE GOT A JOB ON YOUR
HANDS LOOK, HERE'S BUCK
SANTOS COWIN'

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE
LENNIE BARRETT, AND
HE'S SPORTIN' A TIN
STAR.

I'M GLAD YOU NOTICED IT, BUCK.
MY DAD WAS MURDERED THIS
AFTERNOON, AND I'VE AN
IDEA WHO DID IT!

YEAH?

SO I'M PUTTING
YOU UNDER
ARREST.

YOU AND
WHO ELSE?

HAND OVER YOUR
GUNS, SANTOS
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

THE LAW DOG
AIN'T LIVIN'
WHO CAN
ARREST
ME!

YOU HEARD ME
HAND OVER
YOUR GUNS!

WHY YOU
SNEAKIN'
LITTLE--

DRAW! LENNIE! DRAW!
BEFORE HE KILLS YUH!



I'M GONNA SHOOT THAT TIN
STAR OFF YOUR VEST AND MAKE
YUH DANCE WHILE I DO IT!



BETTER START DANCIN',
LAW DOG!

NO--NO
DON'T--



I'LL LEARN YUH NOT TO TRY
ARRESTIN' BACK SANTOG



STOP -- PLEASE STOP!
I WON'T --



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
THE SHERIFF? IS HE
YELLOW?

ME
NOT
KNOW
DAN!



NO-- PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ANY
MORE! I'LL LEAVE!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YUH.
LITTLE BOYS SHOULDN'T WEAR
TIN STARS.





AN OUTLAW NAMED BUCK SANTOS, BLUFFED HIM. EVERYBODY SAYS LENNIE'S A COWARD-AND IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

HAVE A TALK WITH LENNIE BARRETT. COME ON, SILVER

YOU CAN'T LET AN OUTLAW BLUFF YOU.

I KNOW, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ME ANY LESS AFRAID OF HIM.

WAIT, LENNIE. DON'T--

I'M NOTHING BUT A COWARD, KAY WE BOTH KNOW IT'S THE TRUTH!

I KNOW WHERE THAT BARRETT KID LIVES. COME ON, WE'LL GIVE 'IM A SEND-OFF!

YEAH

HELLO, LENNIE

MASKED! WHO ARE YOU?

ANOTHER OUTLAW! WHAT DO YOU--?

I'M NOT AN OUTLAW, LENNIE.

I WAS WITH YOUR FATHER THIS AFTERNOON WHEN HE DIED. YOU'RE THE NEW SHERIFF, AREN'T YOU?



I TOLD YUH TO GET OUTA TOWN AND I MEANT IT. START RUNNIN', TIN STAR!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? THEY- THEY'LL KILL ME!

NOT IF YOU DEFEND YOURSELF THAT'S WHAT YOUR GUNS ARE FOR!

COME OUTA THERE, KID, OR WE'RE COMIN' IN AFTER YUH!

DON'T LET THEM BLUFF YOU. USE YOUR GUNS.

I-I-I-CAN'T. GUNFIDE MAKES ME IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T DESCRIBE!

I'M A COWARD, THAT'S ALL.

NO, YOU'RE NOT. I'LL PROVE IT.

HOW?

DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU. DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

NOW- OPEN THE DOOR, LEMMIE, AND STAND TO ONE SIDE.

WHAT'S THE IDEA?







THE BLUFF WORKED, JUST LIKE THE MASKED MAN SAID IT WOULD, BUT ---



I HEARD THE SHOOTING, LENNIE, AND I SAW BUCK RIDE AWAY.

KAY!



YOU *MUST* HAVE OUTSHOT THE SANTOS GANG!

NO, SOMEONE ELSE DID THE SHOOTING. I DIDN'T EVEN DRAW MY GUN.



WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE!



I DIDN'T KNOW HIS NAME, A TALL MAN, WEARING A BLACK MASK. HE'S RIGHT OVER-- WAIT -- HE'S *GONE!*



MAYBE YOU *IMAGINED* SOMEONE ELSE WAS HERE.

NO, HE WAS REAL ENOUGH BUT NOW I'M WORSE OFF THAN EVER!



WHAT WILL I DO, KAY? WITHOUT THE MASKED MAN TO BACK ME UP, I CAN'T ARREST BUCK.

HE MAY COME BACK.



WE HEAR PLENTY SHOTS!

WAS IT A GUN FIGHT?

NOT MUCH OF A FIGHT, DAN, BUT I MET THE SHERIFF'S SON!









CONFESSED? DOES
LENNIE KNOW THIS?



WHAT'S THE
IDEA?



SHUT UP! THERE'S
A KID OUTSIDE
WHO ALREADY
KNOWS TOO
MUCH!

ISN'T
THAT SO?



I HAVEN'T OPENED THIS ENVELOPE,
BECAUSE IT'S NONE
OF MY BUSINESS

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



FROM WHAT LENNIE'S FATHER
SAID BEFORE HE DIED, IT
MIGHT BE GIM LEONARD'S
CONFESSON, ALL SIGNED
AND SEALED

OH



JUST SAY THE
WORD, BOSS,
AND I'LL --

WAIT-NOT
YET!



YOU SHOULD GIVE
THIS EVIDENCE
TO LENNIE.

NO, THAT
WOULD BE
DANGEROUS.
I'LL WAIT
TILL THE MAN
SHAL GETS
HERE



IF THIS ENVELOPE HAS
EVIDENCE AGAINST THE
SANTO'S GANG, WHY
BRING IT TO ME?

THIS IS
A BANK.
YOU CAN
PUT IT
IN THE SAFE.



YES, BUT
I --

WHAT'S WRONG?













SURE, A DOZEN PEOPLE
SAW HIM, AND ANOTHER
GUN-HAWK WALK OUTA
THE LONGHORN AND UP
TOWARD THE BANK.

BANK-
WHY-
KAY'S
UP
THERE
AND--

IT'S TIME FOR US TO MOVE
COME ON!

KEEP YOUR HANDS UP, MR. CRANE.
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE!

I--ER--I MEAN--

GRAB HER,
BOYS!

OHH-H-H!

GOOD WORK,
BOYS!

WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH HER,
BOSS?

FIRST, I WANT
THE NOTE SHE
GOT FROM THE
BOY!

WHOA! YOU WAIT HERE
WITH THE HORSES,
DAN

SURE.

MEANWHILE

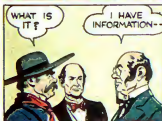




The Lone Ranger

AND THE SILVER BULLETS











THAT RIGHT! FELLER
REMEMBER YOU IN
TOWN!

AND I'M
SUSPECTED
OF THE
MURDER?

POSSE OUT NOW...LOOK
FOR YOU! CATCH YOU...
YOU HANG!

SHERIFF, AS A GROUP OF TOWNSMEN,
WE DEMAND IMMEDIATE ACTION!

WAL? WHAT D'YOU
WANT ME TO DO,
MR. VINSON?

THREE MEN HAVE BEEN
KILLED! WE DEMAND THAT
YOU FIND THE KILLER!

I'M DOIN' ALL
I CAN!

LOOK!

THERE
HE IS!

THE LONE
RANGER!

THE LAW
WANTS YOU!

STEADY!







HERE'S ONE OF MY BULLETS
YOU CAN SEE THE
DIFFERENCE!



MEANWHILE STEVENS FINDS
A MURDER WARNING!



WH-WHY AM I SENT A-A
MURDER WARNING?



S-SO NERVOUS...I CAN
HARDLY DRESS--



FATHER! I
THOUGHT YOU
WENT TO BED!

MADGE!
L-LOOK
AT THIS!



TH-THREE MEN WHO GOT A
SILVER BULLET LIKE THIS--
WERE KILLED! I-I'M
NUMBER FOUR!!



BUT, FATHER--
WHO'D WANT TO
KILL YOU?

I DON'T
KNOW,
MADGE!



I'M GOING TO SEE THE SHERIFF
RIGHT AWAY!









CALM DOWN--LISTEN TO ME! THE MASKED MAN AIN'T THE KILLER, BUT HE KNOWS WHO IS! HE'LL HELP US GIT HIM!



HERE'S THE BULLETS THE KILLER SENT HIS VICTIMS!



HERE'S THE LONE RANGER'S BULLET--YOU CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE!



BUT, SHERIFF, RINGO VINSON SAYS THE LONE RANGER IS THE ONE WE WANT!



BOYS...TRUST ME! IF I'M WRONG--I'LL TURN IN MY BADGE!



ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF...WE'LL GIVE YOU AND THE LONE RANGER A CHANCE!



A CHANCE IS ALL WE ASK FOR!



YOU'LL HAVE THE MURDERER TOMORROW MORNING!



DON'T WORRY, MADGE...THE LONE RANGER SAID HE'D GET THE KILLER THIS MORNING!



NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE SHOT COMES FROM!



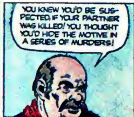
WE GOT YA, RINO! WE'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YOU, AND WAITIN' FOR THIS MOVE!



YOU AND STEVENS AGREED THAT IF ONE DIED, THE OTHER WOULD GET THE JEWELRY STORE! YOU WANTED STEVENS DEAD!



YOU KNEW YOU'D BE SUSPECTED IF YOUR PARTNER WAS KILLED! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D HIDE THE MOTIVE IN A SERIES OF MURDERS!



THE LONE RANGER KNEW THE SILVER BULLETS WERE MADE BY SOMEONE WITH ACCESS TO SILVER, A JEWELER, LIKE YOU!



YOUR MISTAKE WAS IN THROWIN' THE BLAME ON THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!!





RANGE SAVVY

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"THE WESTERN STOCK
SADDLE HAS SEEN
MANY CHANGES AND
IMPROVEMENTS UNTIL
IT IS NOW A MIGHTY
EFFICIENT TOOL OF
THE PUNCHER."

DEVELOPMENT
OF THE FORK
(FRONT PART OF THE
SADDLE TREE)



EARLY MODEL



LATE MODEL

SADDLE RIGS.



DOUBLE RIG.



CENTER FIRE
RIG.

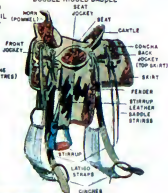


THREE QUARTER
RIG.



RIMFIRE RIG.

DOUBLE RIGGED SADDLE



"SPENDIN' MOST OF YORE
WORK DAY ON A HOSS
CALLS FER A SADDLE
THAT'S COMFORTABLE YET
MIGHTY STRONG AN'
DEPENDABLE TO TAKE THE
SHOCK OF THROWING A STEER
OR HOSS, ROUGH COUNTRY,
AND WEATHER."



"THE MOST IMPORTANT TOOL OF THE COWHAND IS THE LARIAT OR ROPE. TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM AND HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL FORGET ABOUT WORKIN' COWS FOR A LIVIN'. . . HE KETCHES HIS HOSS WITH IT, THROWS CATTLE, RIGS A TEMPORARY ROPE CORRAL FOR HIS HOSES. HE TIES HIS PACKS, PULLS HIS FIREWOOD AND DURN IF HE DOESN'T USE IT FOR ENTERTAINMENT SUCH AS ROPE SPINNIN'! THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE ROPE'S USES."



"...ROPIN'..."



"...ROPE CORRAL..."



"...TIES HIS PACK..."



"...TRICK
ROPIN'..."



"... LUGGIN'
FIRE WOOD..."

TOM RYNNING'S LONG RIDE

by CARL
SMITH



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Captain Tom Rynning of the Arizona Rangers made his mark on frontier history not only as a courageous peace officer feared by a thousand outlaws, but as one of the finest of all the superb horsemen of the Old West. No one else, as far as is known, ever duplicated his feat of mounting a running horse without touching it with his hands.

He served with some of the hardest-riding cavalry outfits the army ever had, fighting Indians from Canada to the Rio Grande with the famous Eighth

Cavalry, and serving as a Rough Rider officer in Cuba. In 1889 he made the longest one-horse ride in military records, carrying dispatches from Dakota to Montana.

But the ride Rynning always remembered was one he made as an 18-year-old boy. Although it probably established a record of some kind, it never appeared as such because he did not dare tell about it for years. He was a cowboy at the time, with a Texas outfit just arrived in Dodge City after six months on the trail.



Dodge City, the trail's end, was a wide-open town. The law abiding citizens kept to the north part of town, while the south section was considered open range for the trail hands, who developed prodigious thirsts after eating the dust of the longhorns for weeks at a stretch.

Whenever the waddies got north of the Santa Fe tracks, they had to check their six-guns at Wright & Beverly's store. But if they stayed south of the tracks, they could do pretty much as they pleased as long as no one was killed. If a cowboy wanted to shoot out a few lights, no one objected if he paid the damages.

The boys in Rynning's outfit amused themselves peaceably enough until one of them returned to camp one night complaining that he'd been "cold-decked" by a crooked gambler. He allowed he was going back to shoot up the saloon. It was a chance for excitement, so all the boys rode into Dodge City with him.

They went whooping into town, drew up outside the saloon, and shot out all the lights. Someone fired back at them, and soon guns were blazing all along the street, gamblers and saloon keepers turning out to battle the Texans. The cowboys made a sweep of the entire street, with several casualties on each side.

It developed into a battle that Dodge



City remembered for years. Among the peace officers in Dodge at the time were the famous Bat Masterson, then sheriff, Ben Daniels, his deputy, Wyatt Earp and his brothers, and other six-gun experts, less well known but almost as deadly. This group soon arrived and joined in.

Big cottonwoods lined the street and as the Texans reached the end of Saloon Row they swung around the trees and came thundering back. They rode the length of the street, swung around the trees at the other end, and came back for a third pass. It is said that about twenty, on both sides, were killed.

Rynning and a friend named Sage





decided this kind of entertainment was not for them, with Masterson, the Earps, and—they thought—the Shugrue boys and Billy Tilghman in Dodge. They knew posse would round up the surviving Texans, and make it mighty hard on them, so they quickly dropped out.

Not even stopping at their camp for slickers, they rode southward at top speed toward Indian Territory—the usual refuge for men wanted by the law. Swimming their horses across the river, avoiding beaten trails, they rode all night, and just before daybreak they swam the Cimarron. Kansas was now behind them.

As the sun came up they could see

behind them a cloud of dust—they were being tracked. In the whole of the Indian Nations—now Oklahoma—there were then only two places where white people lived: the Eagle Chief ranch, near where Rynning and Sage crossed the river, and a border ranch near Texas.

They had made friends at the Eagle Chief on the drive north, so stopped there to trade their horses for fresh mounts. They changed saddles, put a little food in their saddlebags and raced on southward, heading for an old army post on the north fork of the Canadian. The cloud of dust still followed them.

That afternoon they reached the camp of the giant Arapahoe chief, Little Raven, a once fierce warrior who had made his peace with the white man. "Fight in Dodge City, men killed," Rynning explained. Little Raven grunted and ordered his bucks to bring up fresh mustangs. "Turn 'um loose, they come home."

Rynning promised him payment, however, and later sent him a quantity of beads and calico. Again the two fugitives pushed southward, keeping their horses' hoofs drumming under them for a second night. They had not slept since leaving Dodge. The next day they napped in a clump of blue-stem grass.

They reached Fort Reno after an



all-day ride along the Canadian. The regimental quartermaster-sergeant, who had once been trimmed by Dodge City gamblers himself, traded them a pair of cavalry mounts for their Indian ponies when he heard their story. Soon they were belting south and west again.

They left Fort Reno in the evening, swam the Canadian and its north branch at night, and sighted Fort Sill about two o'clock in the morning, stopping for a brief rest at an abandoned Comanche camp below the fort. They had ridden three nights and two days with only two hours' sleep.

Later that day they reached the Diamond Tail ranch, the second of the white settlements in the Indian Nations. Given food and fresh horses again, they swam the Red River at day-break, and rode out onto Texas soil. They arrived in Henrietta, twenty miles

south of the state line, in time for breakfast.

Not stopping even then, they rode west of the Pecos and went to work for the Circle-S. They had not bothered to collect the wages due them for the drive north, but they collected them about a year afterward. Rynning said later, "You could count on finding your wages waiting for you if you was gone for years."

Rynning and Sage covered about three hundred miles on their zigzag trail, most of it through Indian country, in three and a half days. It was an epic feat, but unnecessary—they learned later that the dust cloud which had seemingly pursued them so relentlessly was made by friends who survived the Dodge Crocs and were also fleeing. The posses had stopped at the Cimarron.



TOM RYNNING'S ROUTE OF NEARLY 300 MILES.



SOME UNUSUAL INDIAN HEADGEAR

—WETA—

TAKU TRIBE OF
THE KLINGET INDIANS
OF ALASKA



HAIDAN INDIANS, BRITISH COLUMBIA



PUEBLO



CREE

